

The Tragedie

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of these wrongs
Which thou supposedst I haue done to thee,

Qu. Be briefe, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,

Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Say then, who dost thou meane shall be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence.

Her

of Richard the third.

You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

King. Well, go muster men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gracious soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many more confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?

Mes. Such proclomatio hath bin made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittainie Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittainie.

King.